

Not every woman can afford to have a maid. Not many would want one around, anyway. But you certainly can afford to have Ayer's Hair Vigor. And most women would be greatly improved by it. It means so much to have long, rich, heavy hair soft, smooth, glossy hair. And this is just the kind of hair you may have, if you wish it. If you wish all the deep, rich color of youth restored to your hair,

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

will certainly satisfy you. Do not be deceived by cheap imitations which will only disappoint you. Make sure you get AYER'S Hair Vigor.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

HOLLISTER DRUG CO., AGENTS.

## RAILWAY & LAND CO.

### TIME TABLE

October 6, 1904.

#### OUTWARD.

For Waianae, Waihalua, Kahuku and Way Stations—9:15 a. m., 3:20 p. m.  
For Pearl City, Ewa Mill and Way Stations—7:30 a. m., 9:15 a. m., 11:05 a. m., 2:15 p. m., 3:20 p. m., 5:15 p. m., 7:30 p. m., 11:15 p. m.

#### INWARD.

Arrive Honolulu from Kahuku, Waihalua and Waianae—8:35 a. m., 5:31 p. m.  
Arrive Honolulu from Ewa Mill and Pearl City—7:46 a. m., 8:36 a. m., 10:38 a. m., 1:40 p. m., 4:31 p. m., 5:31 p. m., 7:30 p. m.  
\* Daily.  
† Sunday Excepted.  
‡ Sunday Only.

The Haleiwa Limited a two-hour train, leaves Honolulu every Sunday at 8:22 a. m.; returning arrives in Honolulu at 10:10 p. m. The Limited stops only at Pearl City and Waianae. G. P. DENISON, F. C. Smith, Supt. G. P. & T. A.

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# AROUND THE ISLAND IN AN AUTOMOBILE

It Is a Trip of Very Much Adventuring, but Is Well Worth the While of Any Man.

By Sol N. Sheridan.

A man is not rich because he rides in an automobile, but he feels that he is. Maybe that is the reason that the bubble has come to be recognized in the social problem of these latter days as the marker of the line that divides the exclusive few from the rest of us. Certainly it is the reason that induced me to pass up some sleep that I needed pretty badly last Sunday morning and climb into Jim Quinn's "Lackawanna" for a spin around the Island of Oahu. The word "spin" hardly describes the progress, but I will let it go at that because it is a good word and should have been descriptive. And it should not be gathered, either, from this opening that Jim Quinn is among the rich because he has an automobile. Frankly, I do not think that he is, although I know nothing about the state of his bank account. But he has been in politics for a long time—and is in yet. You can draw your own conclusions.

#### A GLORIOUS MORNING.

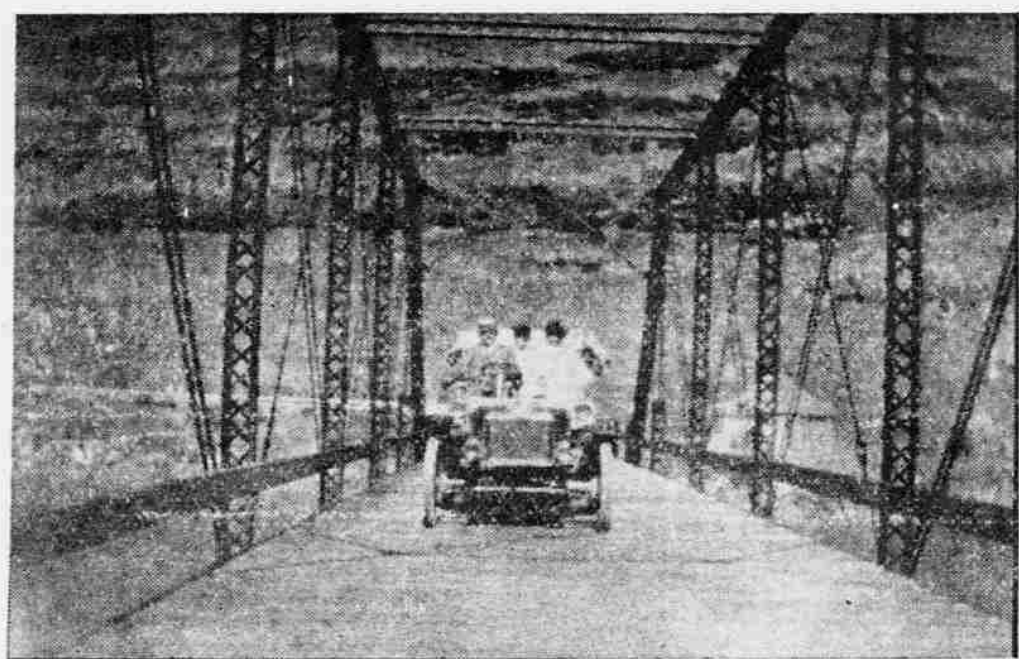
It was a glorious morning, last Sun-

day, and the flight of a great eagle descending to swoop upon its prey in the distant plain.

And there, far away, was the other auto as sure as you live—and stuck. Maybe its carburetor was flooded, too, but that does not follow. I never saw a machine that can get out of order as many times in a day nor in as many ways as an automobile—and yet there is something so fascinating in the way it eats up the road when it does run, and in its scorn of the poor, that a poor man would be more than human who would resist the wild wish to own one and ride in it.

#### PROFESSIONAL COURTESY.

Sure enough, the other party had come to grief. It was not the carburetor. Indeed, I do not know what it was, but it had worked loose and they tied it up with a string or a wire or something, and let it go at that because the thing had a habit of working loose, the "chiffonier" said. I never saw a man who fitted his name better than that man. There was an hour or



ON THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE WAIHALUA RIVER.

day. The air was like velvet as we ran through it, up the long white road of Nuuanu valley, and there was under the soft gray morning light just that hint of faint pink that tells of the red coming of the sun. Even the Pali did not have a cloud across it, which is a most unusual thing. So I felt pretty rich as the miles were left behind, and natives and Chinese and dogs and chickens and a few stray Caucasians, who had arisen early to go to church, dodged out of the way at the sound of our coming.

Then the carburetor flooded—and I did not feel so rich. It is a gloriously exhilarating thing to whiz along smooth roads in an auto, spurning foot passengers and doing it with the full knowledge that it is done insultingly. An automobile can not help insulting a foot passenger if it tries. It is itself an epitomized affront. Wherefore, it is doubly humiliating to have to climb out, and crawl under the machine and get covered with oil and all smells of benzine, and listen to the jeers of the people who walk—and who, pending repairs, have overtaken and passed you.

#### OFFERING SUGGESTIONS.

I did not crawl under the auto myself. I stood around and watched Quinn do it, and offered suggestions. That is much more comfortable—and has possibilities of the picturesque in it. Of course I did not know what a carburetor was, nor why it should get flooded, and I have a shrewd suspicion that the chauffeur was at sea himself in benzine, but he produced a bit of a chip about the size of a pinhead, presently, and looked wise and said that had flooded the carburetor and stopped the machine.

All the same its removal did not cure the evil. Then another auto came along, bound around the Island, too, and out of professional courtesy stopped to help the cripple. This chauffeur—one of his party, who was himself not rich, called him the "chiffonier"—presently discovered that our carburetor was flooded, and he opened something and let the benzine run out. And then we went away from there, trailing behind the other auto, which could climb better than we could and soon left us a long way behind.

#### OVER THE PALL.

I do not propose to describe the Pali. Everybody tries that—and no one has yet done it. But down the long, winding road on the other side, with the sea and the windward lowlands in the distance, seeming right under you, is as pretty a ride as a man may take anywhere in the whole world. Down, down, down, the drop is like the cir-

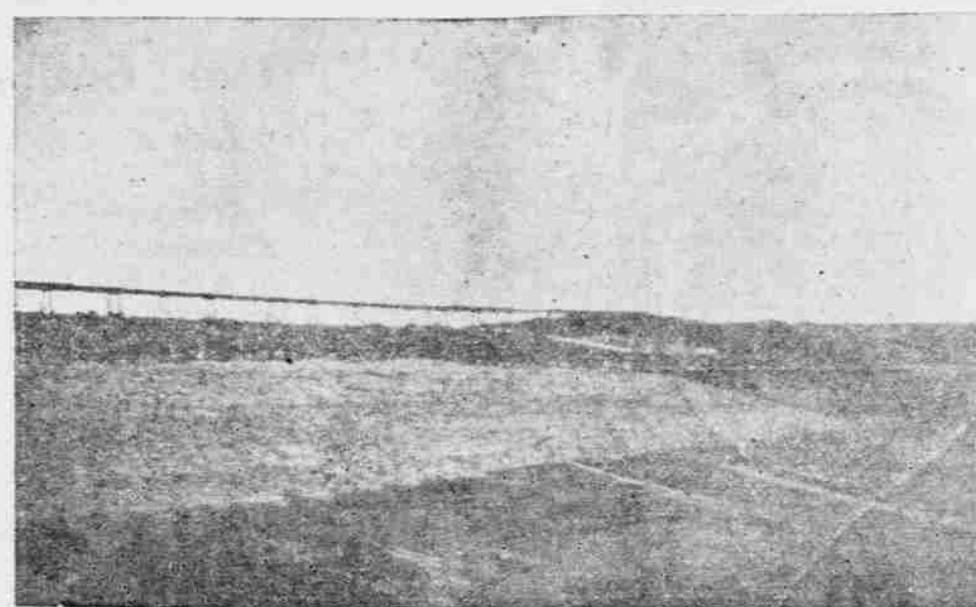
cling flight of a great eagle descending to swoop upon its prey in the distant plain. And there, far away, was the other auto as sure as you live—and stuck. Maybe its carburetor was flooded, too, but that does not follow. I never saw a machine that can get out of order as many times in a day nor in as many ways as an automobile—and yet there is something so fascinating in the way it eats up the road when it does run, and in its scorn of the poor, that a poor man would be more than human who would resist the wild wish to own one and ride in it.

So we saw the machine go whizzing off, up hill and down, chugging away for dear life—and we saw that party no more until we got to Haleiwa—not in time for lunch. But that, and the lunch, come afterwards. We went along in leisurely fashion—fast enough to feel rich and not so fast that we felt ourselves in danger of breaking our necks—through the beautiful vistas of sea and land and watery rice fields and distant mountains, until we had almost come to the beautiful home of the Judd family at Cathedral Point. Then the machine lagged, and presently the startling discovery was made that the carburetor was flooded again. And I got out and walked—and prepared to offer some more suggestions.

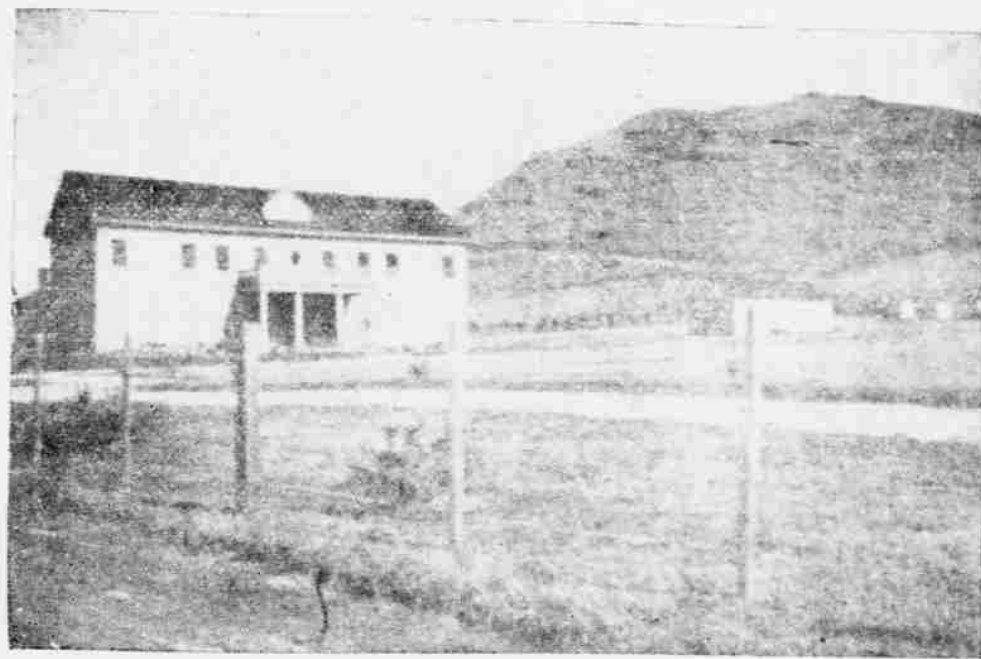
However, I didn't have to. A Korean, and some natives, and half a dozen Chinese and several small boys of varying complexions came around our machine where it stood in the road from the near-by town of Waialua, and proffered wisdom in such large chunks that I silenced me. I did not know the boys of Oahu knew so much—especially the country boys. A man who has only English, and a smattering of Spanish, is at a distinct disadvantage when it comes to giving advice. Also, he feels his limitations in the matter of characterizing a collapsed auto. English profanity is so crude. Well, anyhow, it was the carburetor—and, also, a punctured tire showed up at the same time. That took two hours—and all the mechanical skill of the whole party to repair—with, as before noted, the gratuitous assistance of the entire neighborhood. It is my private opinion that Waialua church let out at noon to help us—and I know the Sunday school did. Those boys were too plainly enjoying themselves not to have been released from some duty they did not like.

#### ON TO HALEIWA.

After that, we had no trouble worth mentioning. To be sure, we got stalled



THE WAHIAWA DAM.



REFORM SCHOOL AT WAIALAE—A SECOND BUILDING, THE DUPLICATE OF THIS, FACES IT ACROSS A WIDE YARD, GIVEN OVER TO AGRICULTURAL EXPERIMENTS.

in a sand bank by trying to leave a strip of beach road too quickly, and had to get out and put our shoulders to the wheel to back up, and once the low gear refused to function going up hill, but neither of these things was serious. We ate luncheon by the roadside over against Laie, and then ran on along the edge of the sea, where the mountains come close down and the breakers dash spray for hundreds of feet in the air, until we came out upon the beautiful bridge across the Waialua river, and presently were spinning along past the cane fields and over the grassed lowlands to Haleiwa.

I don't propose to describe Haleiwa, either, because you should see that yourself—and then you will know that it is of beauty indescribable in mere words. The other auto party had beaten us to it, and we left them at the hotel because they had a scornful notion that they could run away from us at any time they wanted to, and because it was getting late and we wanted to be jogging along toward town.

#### THE OTHER FELLOWS.

We lunched again at Waialua. It is astonishing what an appetizing thing riding in an auto is. And, after we had lunched and started on our way, the fellow in the other auto passed us, tooting derision, and covering us with dust and contumely. We saw them for miles, skidding down the road that leads to Pearl City, and then lost them in the slope of the last big gulch in the road—lost them to find them again. For they had made that haste which is less speed, and so had literally burned



ONLY ONE OF THE BREAKDOWNS.

up a tire under the poop deck of their machine. That was worse than anything that had happened to us, as we had them fairly and courteously. Also, we gave them refreshment and some advice, and left them there in the gathering dusk, while we hurried swiftly on towards town over the splendid road that leads in from Pearl City. It was the run of the day—and the other fellows could never have touched us again. For anything I know, they may be yet on that hill slope, adjusting a tire—although, of course, the dusk has gathered and dispersed before the coming of the morning many times since then. I have never seen one of those fellows since.

But the trip around Oahu is well worth while—and make it by preference in an auto. The roads are good, now. Let the devil and the Board of Supervisors have their due. There is much to be done, but very much has already been done in the improvement of the highways over Koolapokey way, and from Haleiwa in. Doubtless the gap where bad roads exist will be reached in time.

## HONOLULU'S SKATING CRAZE REMINISCENCES

Accounts of the roller-skating craze in San Francisco bring recollections to old-timers of a similar outbreak in Honolulu twenty years ago. The late D. B. Smith started all the youthful soles rolling. It was he that built the first skating rink, the fabric that became historic for the revolutionary mass meeting held therein June 30, 1887. For many years it was the armory of the Honolulu Rifles. Many fairs and celebrations have been held within its walls. Now it is a feed store.

Within the grounds, close to the rink, there was an inclined railway that had a shorter vogue than the skating floor. On the opening day the crowd seemed afraid to take a ride, until the editors of the newspapers volunteered for the trial trip. When they had made the circuit without harm everybody wanted to share in the exhilarating sport. Smith told his friends, after the craze was dead, that he only started the thing to utilize the time while waiting to introduce the electric light to Honolulu.

Thomas E. Wall was not long in providing competition in roller-skating. He built a rink on Queen street, about where the Hawaiian Carriage Manufacturing Co.'s shops now are, and had a crowded patronage for a while. Before the building was pulled down it came in handy for public gatherings.

Talking about roller-skating of that time yesterday, a prominent business man told the following story on himself:

"They had masquerade skating carnivals. I took part in one of them dressed as a girl. My sisters rigged

I began at the girl's clothes again, but before I could get out of them had to cut away the fastenings with a knife. When the secret of the tobacco girl's identity came out I was told that I lost a first prize for best something-or-other character by running away."

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